THE FIELD OF MONTEREY

BALLAD

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

Mrs. Virginia Q. S.

(OF VIRGINIA) BY

M. DIX SULLIVAN.

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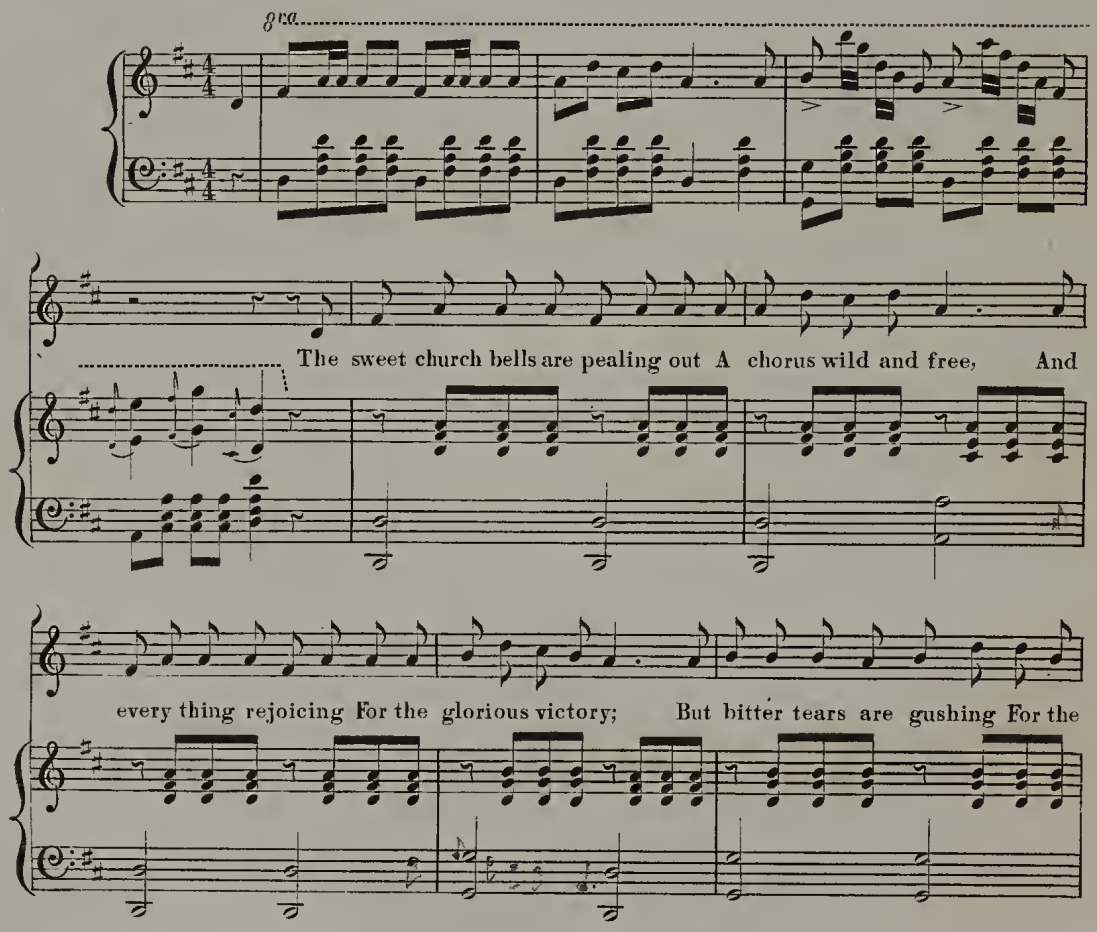

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1846
Sullivan

gallant and the gay, Who now in death are sleeping On the field of Monterey. On the

field of Monterey, Who now in death are sleeping On the field of Monterey.

2

When spring was here with opening flowers
And I the proud May queen,
And all the young and gay were met
To dance upon the green;
The noblest and the manliest
Was by my side that day,
Who now in death is sleeping
On the field of Monterey.

3

The flowers of spring are faded now
The woods are sear and cold,
The persimmon's cheek is flushing
And the papaw shines in gold.
But he in earliest manhood
Has sadly passed away,
And now in death is sleeping
On the field of Monterey.

4

The bugles swell their wildest notes
And loud the cannons roar,
And madly peal the sweet church bells
For holy rest no more;
But lonely hearts are bleeding
Upon this glorious day,
For the loved in death are sleeping
On the field of Monterey.